

LAST OF THE REAL COLONELS OF THE BLUE GRASS

The Story of the Only Man With the Degree of Master of Hospitality

Henry De Questier in The Dearborn Independent.

Profound respect is the real natural right of women, believes Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Kentucky. Believing thus, the Colonel makes it as plain as day. But when he particularly wants to do honor to a woman—flapper, matron of middle age, or an old lady—he sends to her by a young negro boy a solid silver salver that is heaped with rare fruits nestling among flowers and trimmings. The salver is never carried back to Colonel Taylor. It is his gift, along with the fruits and flowers, for once accepted by a woman, the Colonel will not permit the salver to be profaned by further use.

Also, Colonel Taylor is the only man who has had the degree of Master of Hospitality conferred upon him by the registrars of 58 colleges. The occasion was the 1917 meeting of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, held in Lexington. For a day the Colonel entertained the members of the association at his Hereford farm, in Woodford county, between Lexington and Frankfort. Before the sessions closed a degree like the standard certificate for graduation was embossed and signed by all the registrars, because they "found convincing demonstration of his proficiency as a lavish host, a genial leader, and a cordial friend, and thus received a signal experience of Southern hospitality."

Furthermore, "the man who excels as a host in Kentucky must excel as a host the world over" said United States Senator Stanley, then governor of Kentucky, when he delivered the principal address at the time the degree was presented to Colonel Taylor. And the Colonel is Kentucky's most noted host. He established this reputation by living up to even the little details of cherished traditions of Blue-Grass hospitality, and also because he always is at it. It's a rare occasion when there is no "company" in his home. About this entertaining, however, there is nothing so ornate that it is gaudy. Liking for gaudiness is not a Blue-Grass trait. The Colonel's entertaining is democratic—and extensive. Members of associations of this sort, and of that sort, meeting in Louisville or Lexington, have been his guests in Frankfort through so many years that the trip is on their program as a matter of course. Frankfort, by the way, is about half the distance between the two cities. A hundred, and even twice that number, at luncheon or dinner is not unusual in the Colonel's home.

Colonel Taylor is well over 90 years old. But he is still going strong. His mind is alert. He is as spry, as erect, as many a young blade—he hasn't reached the age of slippers, baggy pants, and an easy chair before the fire. On the contrary, he is known as "the best-dressed man in the South." Tailors in New York and Chicago fit the clothes he wears.

A young man was admitted to the Colonel's office.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, "what can I do for you?"

"Colonel," was the reply, "I'm just starting in the dry cleaning and pressing business in Frankfort, and I'd like to have your work. They tell me you have a lot of clothes, and I'd like to keep them in shape."

"All right," said the Colonel, "I'll send over a few things this afternoon to see what you can do with them. If they're all right when they come back, I'll send you some more."

Later in the day 24 suits and 16 overcoats were delivered to the cleaner.

Gossip credits the colonel with not having less than 100 suits, and each is in style. But the colonel is far from being a fop. He is the last of the pattern colonels of the Blue Grass—sole survivor of the simon-pure colonels who made that country famous for romance and chivalry. The pattern colonel put his best foot forward in dress as in all other things and Colonel Taylor never got away from the custom.

Cpl. Taylor practices traditions of the genuine Blue-Grass philosophy of life. As a distinct type of American, the picturesque of Blue Grass romance emerged from the wind-up of the eighteenth century. Kentucky was in a ticklish situation. British and Indians were north of the Ohio River. Spaniards were south of Kentucky and west of Mississippi river. The main route from the Blue-Grass to market was by Barge to New Orleans—Barges were loaded at Lexington on a stream that long ago was dried up, its channel covered, and even the location of it lost sight of when river traffic declined. From Lexington the barges floated to the

Kentucky river, thence to the Ohio, and to the Mississippi. An interesting chapter in the history of New Orleans describes the "Kaintucks," who brought what they had to sell there. While these "Kaintucks" were uncouth, they picked up and brought home bits of colonial French and Spanish culture each time—perhaps an aggregate that was very small, yet it went into the making of the real Colonel of the Blue Grass.

What Kentucky needed most it got—two sets of leaders. One set fought Indians, and the other took care of the statesman's job. Neither set slighted the things it did, and they finally solved all the bad situations. After a while, "an ideal principality of limited extent, meaning a score or more of counties reaching into the heart of Kentucky, laying its feet in the Ohio river, sharply parting company with the mountains on the east, and refusing in its western margin to go beyond the line uplifted limestone," took title as the Blue-Grass country—a place where "brotherhood of pride and prosperity; an ancestral look of estate; an aristocratic democracy" soon settled like a romantic blanket.

When the men who had straightened Kentucky's tangle gained leisure, they got together and followed the Blue-Grass philosophy of life. Here is how life worked out: "The old families lived in simple grandeur, made up mainly of gentility, and plenty to eat. There was an uncommon amount of brains in the country. Villages were important, and the ruling element was distributed over the land. Power was rural. The city was an appendage—a convenient place to make purchases. In short, it was a life of thrift, plenty, gentility, freedom, enjoyment, intellect." There was plenty of time for all-day visiting, driving parties, house parties, and big dinners. In this setting the characteristics of both sets of pioneers ran together. The performance flowered men and women of an unduplicated stripe. This is the reason upstarts never can gracefully pose as colonels of the Blue Grass, unless they pick another pair of parents, and literally again are born of them. The title was a romance-mark of distinction for uncommon men, and when they passed it on to it went to progeny of the same feather—progeny not so picturesque, it is true, because there is less opportunity to be picturesque.

In his boyhood, Colonel Taylor was the close friend of the men whose experiences not only reached far back of his day, but whose experiences then were being used as the foundation for the Blue-Grass philosophy. What he was born too late to gain by experience the Colonel gained by direct contact. For instance, Henry Clay taught him thrift in a practical manner. When the verbal lessons were out of the way, he autographed and gave to the Colonel one of the first books published containing interest tables for the use of bankers.

Colonel Taylor as a boy went to school in New Orleans. Later, he spent a great deal of his time with the Zachary Taylor branch of the family in Lower Louisiana. His companion was General Richard Taylor, in his day a famous and typical gentleman of the old and the far South. New Orleans romance of the "good ol' days," as it still is spoken of there, was in full blast, and Colonel Taylor was in the thick of it. Virginia chivalry was absorbed when he lived with the family of his uncle, Edmund H. Taylor. That is where he took on the "Jr." behind his name—it was placed there to distinguish him from his uncle, and the Colonel never dropped it. Blue-Grass philosophy of life afterward expanded marvelously and Colonel Taylor helped spread it. He keeps old-fashioned romance as sprightly as a cricket, because he never has lived any other sort of life. And that explains what otherwise might be taken as a somewhat pompous boast. The Colonel never argues. He states facts, and backs them up, as an example, by saying: "I am, without arrogance, 'deeply informed' on this subject, as the historian Motley has said of himself on another subject. I have been a student in the matter."

Colonel Taylor, when he was nearing 84 years, planned a Hereford cattle farm for the Blue-Grass country, and astonished the world by paying more for a bull to lead the herd than ever before had been paid. The farm turned out exactly as the Colonel planned it, for he never slighted a detail—another characteristic of the Colonel of the Blue Grass. When he was 88, Colonel Taylor held the largest sale of Hereford cattle then known.

Attention to detail developed his unmistakable signature. It is famous the world over for the care bestowed upon it—Colonel Taylor was a Kentucky distiller and his signature was part of his trade mark.

The Colonel lives in "simple grandeur" at "Thistleton." It is a typi-

cal Blue-Grass estate of 1,000 acres, out Louisville way from Frankfort, and on a hill that is 400 feet above the Kentucky river. The cattle farm of 2,000 acres is in an adjoining county, and is known as "Hereford Farms." But "Thistleton" is not just a show place. It is a farm that must return a profit. Yet from the house all operations are out of sight. Against this background the flag flies from sunrise to sunset. The flagstaff is at the head of the walk leading from the house to the Louisville pike.

Utility masked by beauty sums up out-of-doors "Thistleton" in a sentence. The kitchen garden, for instance, is located far away from the house, and practically is out of sight, yet to screen it from any possible peep there is a thickset lilac bush fence more than 100 feet long fringing the side of the garden nearest the house. A lake fills a depression that otherwise would be out of keeping with the surroundings. This lake is well stocked with fish, and of a morning the Colonel's guests go there to catch their own fish for breakfast. A bit of the sentiment that you find everywhere about "Thistleton" is a grave lying to the right of the house. Along in 1841 a man named Dana was reporter of decisions in the court of appeals at Frankfort. Dana and the former owner of "Thistleton" were close friends. When Dana died he was buried on the estate of his friend, and since the land came into the hands of Colonel Taylor he has maintained the grave as carefully as ever before.

Stepping across the threshold of Colonel Taylor's home is an experience no one is likely ever to forget. Nothing is complex there. That is the reason "Thistleton" gives you a new experience. Old-fashioned romance of the three types that made the entire South famous—Virginia, Blue Grass, and Louisiana—is youthful all around. Yet none of the three advances too far to leave the other two behind. The practice of famous characters of southern history open before you with a freshness that is fascinating. The library, as an instance, is lined with black walnut bookcases that reach from the ceiling to the floor. And they're not mere wall linings, together with the books that are in them. The latter have the friendly look of familiars—the classics especially—for Colonel Taylor reads, writes, speaks and entertains.

And because he is the last of the real Colonels of the Blue Grass, Colonel Taylor practices his creed wherever he goes. On that account, especially on Fifth avenue in New York, and on La Salle street in Chicago, the coming of Colonel Taylor is an event. There he is known as the "man who has realized DeSoto's dream."

LYTELL A BIG HIT AS COMEDY SLEUTH

"Sherlock Brown," the feature picture at the opera house Monday, in which Bert Lytell is starred, is a delightful comedy-drama about an amateur sleuth whose hero is the famous Sherlock Holmes, and whose day dreams are filled with visions of his own accomplishments in running down criminals.

A correspondence school course in sleuthing brings him a badge and the appointment as New York representative of the Illyria Detective agency. Nothing now remains but to find a case! This he stumbles onto by chance one day when a book crashes through a window and falls at his feet on the sidewalk. He climbs into the house and finds a young girl attempting the recovery of a secret formula for a high explosive which is the property of the United States government and which has been stolen from her brother. Sherlock Brown is at last in his element! Through a series of most amusing adventures he brings to bear his correspondence school knowledge of sleuthing and in the end, of course, recovers the formula.

It is good fooling and reveals Lytell as an extraordinarily clever comedian. There are no dull moments in this picture and it can be safely recommended to all those who like a plentiful amount of humor together with considerable excitement.

"Sherlock Brown" is a Bayard Veiller production for Metro, adapted for the screen by Lenore Coffee from a story by Mr. Veiller.

GROOM ONLY 87 AND BLUSHING BRIDE 66

Winston-Salem, N. C., Aug. 1.—W. T. Logan, a farmer of Yadkin county, 87 years of age, and Miss Sallie Lee Tucker, of Winston-Salem, 66, were married here today. After the ceremony, they climbed into their automobile and under showers of rice and apparently very happy, left for the groom's home.

SIZZLING HEAT ONLY FEATURE AT LANCASTER

Race For State Offices Growing Warmer as Invasion of Piedmont Section Begins

Lancaster, ug. 1.—Under the rays of a sizzling August sun the candidates for state offices spoke here today to an audience of about 700 people who gathered in front of the court house. A large portion of the spectators left after the candidates for governor spoke but a number remained faithful and heard all the aspirants. The race for several offices continues to grow warmer and the candidates are putting more and more "pep" into their speeches. This is particularly true of the race for superintendent of education and the voters all appear anxious to hear the two women candidates.

Senator Geo K Laney's 83-year-old mother was present, and he, with Mrs. Drake, was the recipient of several bouquets of flowers. The crowd was attentive but undemonstrative, nothing resembling an ovation being accorded any of the candidates. There was some confusion at the start as several of the speakers were late and others did not make their appearance.

Law Enforcement

Chief interest as usual centered in the candidates for governor and each made his usual talk. Thos. G. McLeod was the first speaker and he again stressed his law enforcement platform, declaring this to be the greatest issue before the people of the state. If elected he pledges that the scales of justice will be equally administered and the laws enforced without fear or favor. Mr. McLeod called attention to the fact that 85 per cent of the taxes paid by Lancaster county was for county purposes and only 15 per cent went to the state. He declared that he is running in his own responsibility.

John T. Duncan made his usual attack on Blease, referred to McLeod and Laney as being rubber stamps for Edw. W. Robertson, scored the Southern Power company, and the various cotton associations which have been or are being formed in the state.

No Ring Rule

Senator George K. Laney was near his home county and he asserted that if elected governor he would be ruled by no one and said that during his 20 years of political life no one had ever had a bridle on him. He referred to his long fight in the legislature for education and said he would continue to fight for it. He stands for tax reform and a readjustment of the tax system and if elected pledges himself to enforce all of the laws without fear or favor. He called the farmers' attention to the legislature having cut the state levy 5 mills last year.

"New Horse" in Race

William Coleman of Union has taken as his text John C. Calhoun's dying words: "The south, the poor south, what will become of her?" He advocates the issuance of state bonds to meet federal appropriations for good roads, a new tax system, new school laws, and a cooperative marketing. He referred to himself as being a new horse in the race.

Cole L. Blease was the last speaker today and launched his attack at the tax commission and reiterated that the state was bankrupt. He wants to know what Laney and McLeod mean by a luxury tax and says that he favors no new sources of taxation but stands for an economical administration of the affairs of state. He stated that he had announced at the beginning of the campaign he would engage in no factionalism or personalities except when coming from responsible sources and so would not reply to the "infamous lies" that were being circulated. He charged these were instigated by some newspapers or their hirelings.

Text Book Question

The text book question is being pushed to the front by candidates for superintendent of education and it is held by Cecil H. Seigler that a contract has now been made and will be in force for five years, no matter who is elected. Superintendent Swearingen defended his course and stands on his record for reelection. Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Drake made their usual speeches.

Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Drake, Duncan, Please and Laney received most of the applause.

Tomorrow the candidates will speak at the Filbert picnic, York county, long famous in political annals of the state.

Heard at Rock Hill

Rock Hill, Aug. 1.—Candidates for state offices addressed a crowd of about 1,500 people here tonight, one of the largest gatherings in the entire campaign: It was an impromptu meeting and the applause for the speakers was spontaneous and enthusiastic. J. J. Cantey was present

and the only absentee tonight was Sam Wolfe, attorney general, who is engaged in important state litigation at Columbia.

ROBERT McKIM MEETS A NEW STYLE OF DEATH

Probably no actor in moving pictures has met death as many different ways as has Robert McKim, the famous screen villain, who will be seen at the opera house Tuesday, in support of Hobart Bosworth in the Graf production of C. Gardner Sullivan's story, "White Hands." For the past seven or eight years McKim has been the mean man of the cinema. He has been hanged, shot, stabbed, strangled, poisoned, died of thirst, starvation and disease. In fact, scenario writers and directors have lain awake nights trying to devise new and interesting ways to cause McKim's demise, but it remained for C. Gardner Sullivan to devise probably the most vivid and spectacular way of carrying him off. In "White Hands" he has McKim devoured by sharks.

It is an easy matter for an author to write "McKim leaps from the mast into the ocean, where he is seized and dragged under by a huge man-eating shark," but when Lambert Hillier read the story, his first question was: "Where am I to get a trained shark?" However, the sharks were secured, and before the horrified gaze of the theatre audience McKim is seen to be attacked and dragged below the surface by the huge scavengers of the deep. Where the trained sharks were secured or how this clever bit of realism was done, no one connected with the Graf organization will divulge.

NEGRO SUMMER SCHOOL HAVING SUCCESSFUL TERM

At the close of the second week of the summer school for colored teachers, being held in the Hoge school building, 105 teacher-pupils have been enrolled. No little interest is being manifested by instructors and teachers. The work is well organized and each day closes with increased interest and enthusiasm in the work.

The rule affecting all accredited summer schools is that all persons attending with the expectation of securing sufficient credits to be given a certificate must take at least three academic subjects and attend 20

days. All teachers coming on Monday, August 7th, will have a chance to attend the school the required number of days and if they pursue the course as outlined will be entitled to a certificate.

We hope that all teachers yet expecting to enroll in the Newberry summer school will do so next Monday, August 7th.

Our aim is to make the summer school at Newberry one of the best in the state for negro teachers.

I. M. A. Myers, Director of the Summer School.

WOMEN LOSERS IN KANSAS PRIMARY

Topeka, Kansas, Aug. 1.—Early newspaper returns in today's state wide primary from scattered parts of the state indicate a close race for the Republican nomination for governor.

Returns from 40 out of 2,536 precincts show: W. R. Stubbs, 1,170; W. Y. Morgan, 1,058; F. W. Knapp, 688; P. A. McNeal, 617; W. P. Lamberson, 281. The early vote for the two women gubernatorial candidates, Mrs. W. D. Mowry and Mrs. Helen Pettigrew were almost negligible. Knapp was endorsed by the labor unions because of his opposition to the Kansas industrial court.

Returns on the Democratic gubernatorial contest are very meagre but show J. M. Davis leading Henderson Martin, former vice-governor of the Philippine Islands, by a narrow margin.

Family Reunion

The children of Mr and Mrs. Henry Counts near Peak gave a dinner at his home last Saturday, July 29, in honor of his 77th birthday. The dinner consisted of barbecued pork and a regular picnic dinner, all of it excellently prepared.

Mr. and Mrs. Counts have been married fifty-five years and have 9 living children as follows: Mrs. John F. Chapman, Peak; Mrs. Geo. F. Miller, Pomaria; Joseph A. Counts, Pomaria; Mrs. W. H. Epting, Peak; H. W. Counts, Gastonia, N. C.; R. A. Counts, Clover, S. C.; Mrs. J. K. Haltinger, Chapin; Mrs. B. L. Cummalander, Chapin, and J. O. Counts, Peak. These and their husbands or wives, their children, grandchildren, and a small number of visitors made the number present sixty-five.

The day was very pleasantly pass-

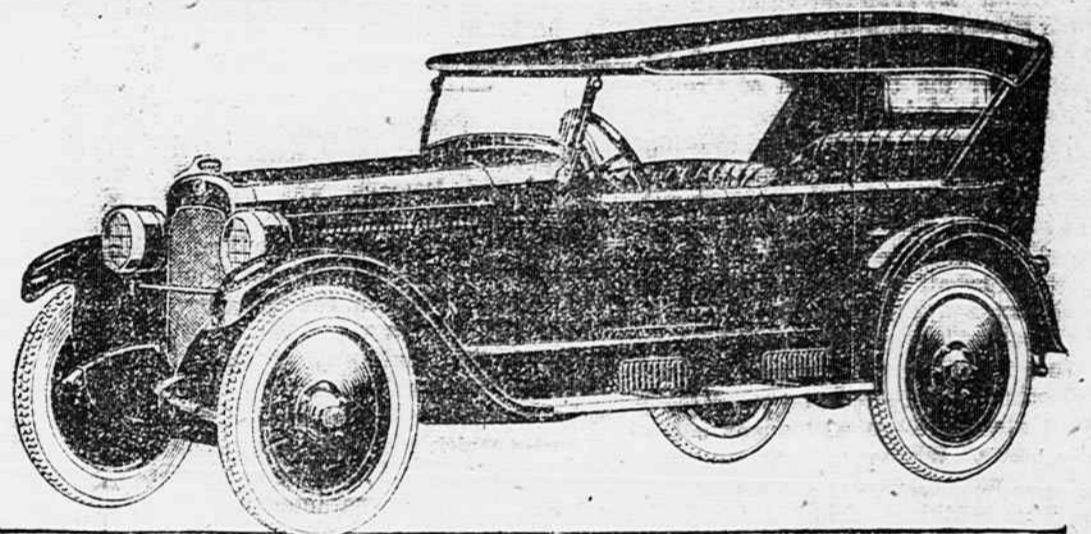
ed. Mr. and Mrs. Counts have been good people for the community, church and state, and may their days of usefulness be many more. J. B. Harman.

STRIKE INJUNCTION TO BE CONTINUED

Judge Smith Makes Order Permanent—Seaboard Also Acts

The State. Charleston, Aug. 4.—Judge H. A. M. Smith of the federal court today issued an order, following the return of federated shopmen, defendants, to show cause, continuing the temporary injunction he issued July 24, on petition of the Atlantic Coast Line, and concerning the petitioner's premises and employees at Charleston and Florence. This afternoon he issued an order of temporary injunction along similar lines, on petition of the Seaboard Air Line company, and set August 11 as the date for the return by the defendants. The Seaboard alleged the same general grounds in their petition for a restraining order against striking shopmen as those in the petition of the Atlantic Coast Line and named Andrews, Charleston, Hartsville and Cayce as points in this state, where they asked that the order apply. The main effect of both orders is to restrain shopmen from "picketing" or otherwise interfering with employees of the complainants. In his order on the Atlantic Coast Line petition and the defendants' return, Judge Smith stressed the fact that in refraining from work, the former railroad employees were acting within their rights, but that in attempting to force arguments upon others who were willing to hear them they were invading the rights of the others. He stated that in issuing an injunction he was not determining that any man was guilty of an infraction of the law, but that he was acting upon the general circumstances, and upon representations from the attorneys for the defense he inserted in his restraining order the words, "in any manner forbidden by law," in that portion where the defendants were restrained from "wilfully and knowingly" persuading others to quit work. etc.

In Europe, good will is conspicuous by its absence.



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